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Stock Inspector.....Peter Hanson, "
Fish Inspector.....H. E. Crowell, Dundas

ONE POET OUT OF PLACE.

When Wordsworth, in Borrowed Pliny, Attended a Royal Function, It is not easy to imagine Wordsworth, the gentle poet, in the midst of the glittering artifices of court life. Yet he once actually presented that picture. How slender was the tie that bound Wordsworth to the court during his seven years' tenure of the laureateship may be judged, says W. Forbes Gray in "The Poets Laureate," by the fact that he wrote no official poems and that on only one occasion did he leave his retreat in the heart of his beloved lake land to attend a court function. In May, 1845, he obeyed an imperative summons of the lord chamberlain to attend a state ball at Buckingham palace.

There must have been, as Professor Knight remarks, "something very little incongruous in the simple, almost austere, poet of seven-and-seventy years attending a ceremonial of this kind." Wordsworth went not only to the ball, but to the queen's levee, in a court dress belonging to James Rogers and wearing a sword once owned by Sir Humphrey Davy. "What," exclaims Haydon, "would Hazlitt say now? The poet of the lakes in bagwig, sword and ruffles!" Haydon also remarks that the fitting of the court dress was no easy matter. "It was a quagmire, but by pulling and hauling they got him in. Fancy the high priest of mountains and of flood on his knees in a court, the gait of the courtesan in a dress that did not belong to him, with a sword that was not his own and a coat that he had borrowed." Haydon could not bear to "associate a bagwig and sword, ruffles and buckles with Helvellyn and the mountain solitudes."

On returning home the laureate wrote an interesting account of his novel experience to his American friend, Professor Reed: "The reception given me by the queen, at her ball, was most gracious. Mrs. Everett, the wife of your minister, among many others, was a witness to it, without knowing who I was. It moved her to the shedding of tears. This effect was in part produced, I suppose, by American habits of feeling, as pertaining to a republican government. To see a gray haired man of seventy-five years, kneeling down, in a large assembly, to kiss the hand of a young woman, is a sight for which institutions essentially democratic do not prepare a spectator of either sex and must naturally place the opinions upon which a republic is founded and the sentiments which support it in strong contrast with a government based and upheld as ours is."

Pineapples.

The pineapple is a solidified blossom, say the horticultural experts, and it is pineapple blossom time from June to October in Hawaii, where 7,000 acres are given over to the cultivation of this fruit. Pineapples are planted in three ways—for shipment raw, for canning and for juice. If the planter wants large, perfect specimens of the fruit he sets about 5,000 plants to the acre. The uniform smaller disks that you find in the cans are the result of closer planting, while the planter who desires only juice sets his plants still closer.—Youth's Companion.

Past Help.

The man with the old clock under his arm laid it on the jeweler's showcase. "I wish you'd see what is the matter with this," he said. The jeweler removed the dial, screwed his eyeglass into place and inspected the works of the ancient timepiece. "Nothing is the matter with it now, its sufferings are over." "Well, how much do I owe you?" asked the man. "Nothing," answered the jeweler. "This isn't a professional treatment. This is a coroner's request."

Working Out a Garden's Salvation.

Looking backward, I note the transition from reading books about gardens to doing work in one of them and how it gradually came to pass that I read less and only of standard substantiated facts that might be termed principles, because I found that I must work out my own garden salvation and work it out, if not with fear and trembling, certainly with a humble mind and a humble disposition.—From "My Growing Garden," by J. Horace McFarland.

Goals to Newcastle.

Mother was measuring a dose of tonic for her little son, who looked up and said: "What am I taking this for?" "An appetite," she replied. "An appetite," he scornfully repeated. "I can't begin to hold now one-half I want to eat."—New York Post.

Some Do Very Well.

"That girl has to wear her sister's old clothes." "That's a shame. A girl can't make anything pretty out of leftover stuff." "All depends. Look how beautifully autumn dresses on gum—'s hand-me-downs."—Chicago News.

A Message to His Love.

First Barber—That was a bad cut you gave that old man while shaving him. Second Barber—Oh, there's a reason for that. I'm courting his maid, and the cut will let her know that I'll meet her this evening.—Boston Transcript.

One Way.

"What is the best way to preserve peaches?" inquired Mrs. Wombat. "Keep 'em on a high shelf," advised Mrs. Floubub, who has enterprising kids.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The path of duty is the way of safety and the road to honor.—Old Saying.

BUYING A HAT IN HAWAII.

It Cost More to Find the Article Than It Did to Purchase It.

In his eagerness to see a whale during the voyage between Honolulu and the island of Hawaii, Homer Crox, who tells about his adventure in Travel, leaped too far over the rail and lost his hat.

After arriving at the island he climbed into a taxicab and told the driver to take him to a hat store. "Do you understand?" he asked. "A hat store?"

"Yes, for sure, all right," the Japanese chauffeur answered.

They went bumping up the street, swung wildly round a corner and finally, at the far side of the town, drew up to the curb. In the window of the store was a bedstead, on which hung the sign, "This Week Cheap."

"What do you mean by taking me to a furniture store?" Mr. Crox demanded. "This is a hat store," replied the Japanese driver, and he pointed to the name of the proprietor, "K. Hata."

"I want a hat, not a bed," Mr. Crox said, with feeling. "I want it for this," pointing to his bare head.

"Yes, for sure, all right," replied the cab whirled down the street and away to the other side of the town, while the taxi bill was hurriedly running up. This time it stopped before a barber shop.

"No, I don't want anything taken off my head. I want something put on it," declared Mr. Crox, who was now quite irritated.

"Yes, for sure, I understand all right," replied the chauffeur, with a grin.

They went clattering just as far to the other side of the town as they could and drew up before a store that was an afterthought apparently carried a line of hats. Mr. Crox had to pay twice the price of a hat on the way to buy it, but this did not seem to worry the driver, who, after the manner of automobile drivers, stood up under it bravely.

SILK HATTED CROOKS.

The Bad, Bold, Debonair Criminals Are a Class of the Past.

The silk hatted, bewhiskered, high class crook has shaken the New York dust off his spats and disappeared. He is absolutely extinct. A modern criminal who can boast a good suit of clothes now is termed "Raffles," or if he is suspected of wearing what some call a dress suit he is a "gentleman burglar." Usually he "Raffles" a couple of times, making a few small cleanups, and is netted, arraigned and sent away to a place where he gets his hair cutting and clothes pressing done free.

There are plenty of free lances of crime circulating around where legal tender or other valuations can be annexed by a little extortion at some risk, but the old time bands of bold, bad, debonair knights of dark deeds have faded away. There are plenty of men who sneak through what is vaguely termed "the underworld" and who take a desperate chance at impromptu crimes, robberies, holdups or sneak thief jobs, which suddenly come under their attention.

These men are not the same caliber as the big criminals of thirty years ago, although occasionally one of the modern specimens stumbles upon a rich haul. The police say up to date methods have driven them from the game. The green goods men and gold brick canvassers have followed the blon and the Indian over the last frontier as an organized criminal industry. The "wireless" wiretappers have been hunted down and out. The hand has been dispersed to various iron barred havens of rest, leaving the country capitalist safe to wander through Manhattan without being tempted to play the races on some intercepted tip.—New York Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Tale of Two Rivers.

The divide between the Hudson bay and Mississippi river drainage basins shows the poor drainage of the glaciated prairies and the delicate balance between drainage systems. Though Sheyenne and James rivers, the two principal streams of this region, flow in nearly parallel sources for 180 miles and the relief of the land between them is generally not more than twenty feet, yet the Sheyenne ultimately discharges into Hudson bay and the James into the gulf of Mexico.

The Battle of a Week.

The battle of a week was the great conflict at Tours in which Charles Martel overthrew the Saracens. A. D. 732. The members of the Saracen army are variously estimated at from 400,000 to 700,000, and the historians say that 375,000 were killed on the field. It is suspected that these figures are a gross exaggeration, but it is certain that few battles of history have been either so bloody or so decisive.

A Sticky Diary.

"Look here, old chap; I'll give you a valuable tip," said the experienced married man to the prospective bridegroom. "Don't let your wife keep a diary on the honeymoon. My wife did that, and how whenever we quarrel she brings it out and reads some of the idiotic things I said to her then."

Different.

"They say marriage is a lottery," remarked the morose young man. "It isn't," replied Miss Cayenne. "In a lottery you can win on buying tickets."—Washington Star.

Easy Living.

A tribe called the Tungus, living 700 miles from civilization in Siberia, is said to have but one article in its creed—"Eat much and laugh much."

BLANNERHASSETT ISLAND.

And Its Owner's Connection With the Schemes of Aaron Burr.

Fourteen miles below the mouth of the Muskingum, in the Ohio river, lies an island comprising about 200 acres, which forms a part of Wood county, W. Va., and is known as Blennerhassett island.

Nearly a hundred years ago it was the scene of one of the most dramatic events ever presented in the west. To that island Harmon Blennerhassett, son of a wealthy and noble family of Ireland, says the Columbus Dispatch, brought his equally cultivated and aristocratic young wife in 1797, lured by descriptions of the beauty and wealth of the western America, to establish their home.

Aaron Burr, bent on the establishment of a sovereign government somewhere in the west, with himself at the head of it, met the Blennerhassetts on a western tour and drew them into his scheme. When the government discovered the plot Blennerhassett was arrested with Burr, his princely home on the Ohio river was wrecked and despoiled, and the real estate attached by a creditor of Burr, who held notes that Blennerhassett had endorsed.

In spite of this Blennerhassett stood by Burr even in his disgrace, and it was not until he found that Burr, having got from him all his property or caused him to lose it in one way or another, was willing to cast him aside, that his eyes were opened to the fact that he had been duped. Blennerhassett never recovered his fortunes. The wreck and ruin of his life and estate were complete and permanent.

In the trial for treason both Burr and Blennerhassett were acquitted, but were later haled before the state court of Ohio at Chillicothe to answer to a charge of violation of the laws of that state. Those charges never came to trial.

Blennerhassett was born shortly after the middle of the eighteenth century. He died in poverty on the island of Guernsey in 1821. His widow, returning broken hearted to the United States, secured the introduction of a bill in congress giving her \$10,000 damages for the destruction of the Blennerhassett home by the militia of Virginia on the occasion of the discovery of the Burr plot. Henry Clay championed her claim, but while it was pending she died.

The Blennerhassetts had three sons. The eldest became dissipated and died in a New Orleans debauch, the second was an imbecile and died in New York about 1854, and the other one was killed while serving as a soldier in the Confederate army.

The Teardropchief.

In some parts of the Tyrol a beautiful though curious custom prevails. When a girl is going to be married and just before she leaves for the church her mother gives her a handkerchief, which is called a teardropchief. It is made of newly spun and unused linen, and with it the girl dries the natural tears she sheds on leaving home. The teardropchief is never used after the marriage day, but is folded up and placed in the linen closet, where it remains till its owner's death, when it is taken from its place and spread over her dead face.

A Matter of Newspapers.

An Austrian army officer who died some years ago left the whole of his fortune to a nephew on the condition that he should never read a newspaper. The will stated that this nephew, who held a post in a government office, was too fond of reading newspapers—a habit which the testator considered most pernicious. Three trustees were appointed to keep a watch over the heir, and in the event of a single infringement of the prohibitory clause the fortune was to be distributed among other members of the family.

Borrowing Time.

"Is your mamma at home?" asked a caller of five-year-old Lola, who answered the bell.

"No, ma'am," answered the small miss. "She went out to get some time."

"To get some time!" echoed the caller.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Lola. "She said she was going over to one of the neighbors for a minute."—New York Globe.

Curious.

"I don't feel well," remarked the head of the firm as he took off his coat in the office, preparatory to sitting down at his desk. "The trouble with me is that I haven't slept as I should. I don't feel well unless I've slept."

"That's the same way with me," replied his partner. "In fact, I think I feel best of all when I'm sound asleep."

LABOR IN LAZYLAND.

Do as Little as You Can Seem to Be the Motto in Uganda.

Building, when you have any to do, writes A. L. Kitching in "On the Back Waters of the Nile," is a very worrying piece of business in Uganda, for the incapacity of the workmen is exceeded only by their laziness. One gang of men engaged in building a church in Kabarole was told to deepen the hole for one of the poles and then to put the pole in place.

Two hours afterward the entire gang was discovered seated round the pole, each with a hand upon it lest it should fall over and crush them. They were waiting patiently for some one to come and tell them whether the hole was now deep enough. They would have sat there quite contentedly for the rest of the day if no one in authority had appeared.

The general desire to boss some one else interferes with speedy accomplishment. A considerable crowd of men will turn up to work on a job—the making of a road, the building of a house or the clearing of an area of jungle. At the head comes the chief, who does no more than walk about and give tone to the proceedings by his presence. The men are set to work on different parts of the job by the subchiefs. Having argued the matter to a finish, the subchiefs leave each a katikiro in charge of their men and retire to discuss the news of the day.

These overseers then in turn choose katikiros from the men of each village. In all probability these katikiros again will each appoint one or two deputies, and as no one labeled "katikiro" expects to do any work himself the number of ordinary unvarnished laborers left to do the real work is very small. As the day goes on, even these men often put boys to work in their places and join the ranks of the "sitlers out." Some who have been at work for an hour or two will recollect that once they were appointed vice subdeputy to somebody's under assistant katikiro. They will thereupon join one of the groups in the shade, and at length there will be left only a half dozen boys, and they scarcely make more than a pretense of working.

The Hookah in India.

The hookah is smoked as a refreshment and sign of fellowship by the natives of India and not merely as a luxury. When a group of natives are seated together and, as is the custom, the hookah is passed around to each in turn, it is considered very bad manners for any one to decline to have a few puffs. If the hookah is thus refused in a friend's house or while one is the guest of another it is regarded as an insult. If for any reason a native is put out of caste the fact is strictly marked by his former caste fellow's refusal to smoke with him, and any one who eats, drinks or smokes with an outcast is himself outcast.—Chambers' Journal.

What She Should Do.

Bertie had been forbidden under severe penalties to play in the rain barrel, but one day, sad to relate, his mamma and grandmother found him splashing in it in high glee.

His mamma's face hardened, but the grandmother's kind heart led her to make a plea for the offender.

Bertie heard the plea, and when his mamma asked him sternly what he should do to a little boy who did not mind what was told him he answered promptly:

"I think you had better mind your mamma."

Little Myra Explains.

Little Myra Lee had been in school but a few days when her mother had occasion to write a note to the teacher and signed herself Mrs. Kent. Thinking she might have misunderstood the child's name, the teacher asked an explanation.

"Oh," said Myra, with a charmingly confidential air, "you see, my mamma got married again, but I didn't."

Keeps Him Guessing.

"Although a small woman, Mrs. Twobble finds no difficulty in making Mr. Twobble toe the mark."

"That's because she's clever."

"How so?"

"She keeps Twobble guessing as to the exact location of the mark and half the time he toes it unconsciously."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

An Untimely Joke.

"Here's the clockmaker come to repair our sitting room clock," said a humorist's wife. "Won't you go up and get it for him?" "Why, it isn't upstairs, is it?" he replied lazily. "Of course it is! Where did you think it was?" "Oh, I thought it had run down!"

A Rainy Day Need Not Be Dull

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Magnetic Treatment.

I am now at home, 1105 North street, and am prepared to answer calls for magnetic treatment. Will go to homes if desired. Marion George, phone Black 6.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Yamhill County.

Louis B. Kila, Plaintiff,

vs.

Fred Schultz, and Martha Schultz, his wife, and Helen Schultz.

Defendants.

SUMMONS.

To Helen Schultz, the above named defendant:

In the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and suit within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: To answer on or before Thursday, January 27th, 1916, and if you fail so to appear or answer and continue to waive thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled court for the relief prayed for in the said plaintiff's complaint, now on file in the above entitled court and suit, and which relief hereby is as follows:

That plaintiff have a judgment of this Court and a decree that the plaintiff herein do have and recover of and from the defendants, Fred Schultz and Helen Schultz, the sum of \$125,000 with interest at the rate of 6 per centum from March 17th, 1915, until paid, the further sum of \$125.00 on reasonable attorney fees to be allowed by the Court in this suit; and the costs and disbursements of this suit; that a receiver be appointed by the above entitled Court to take charge of the personal property and of the real property described in plaintiff's mortgage and homestead briefly described; and for a decree foreclosing that certain mortgage executed by the defendants, Fred Schultz and Helen Schultz, to B. A. Kila on March 17th, 1915, and which said mortgage is recorded on the same date in Vol. 44 Page 363 of Records of Mortgages of Yamhill County, Oregon, upon the following described property, to-wit: The North half of the North East Quarter of Section 21 (30) in Township Four South of Range Five West of the Willamette Meridian in the County of Yamhill and State of Oregon, and containing 80 acres, more or less. Also the following parcels, to-wit: (1) The South East Quarter of the South East Quarter of Section Nineteen (19) in Township Four South of Range Five West of the Willamette Meridian, in the County of Yamhill and State of Oregon, and containing Forty acres, more or less. Together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging in any way appertaining.

Together with the following personal property, all which is situated on the above described said premises, to-wit: One Black Horse, aged about 12 years, one Bay horse, 4 years old, one chestnut mare, bald face, 3 years old; one 1 1/2 inch Moline wagon, one McCormick mower; one McCormick rake; one plow; one back; one harrow; 5 cows; 6 hens; 2 bulls; 3 half-calves, being all the cows, heifers, bulls and calves now on the above described real property, and which said mortgage, together with the note therein described was on November 2nd, 1915, by said B. A. Kila sold, assigned, transferred, and delivered unto the plaintiff, and which assignment of said note and mortgage is recorded in Vol. 45 Page 73 of Records of Mortgages of Yamhill County, Oregon; that the Court order said real and personal property to be sold in the manner by law provided and do bar and foreclose all the right, title, and interest which said defendants, or any of them, may have in or to the above described real or personal property, or any part thereof; that such decree provide that the proceeds arising from the sale of said property be applied to the payment of the costs and expenses of said foreclosure and sale and said receivership, including plaintiff's reasonable and special attorney fees to be allowed in this suit, to the payment of the principal and interest due upon the said note and mortgage, and if there remain any surplus, then to such of the defendants as may be entitled to the same; that such decree provide that in case said property does not sell for a sum sufficient to pay the demands of the plaintiff, then that plaintiff have a deficiency judgment against the said defendants, Fred Schultz and Helen Schultz; that at such sale, the plaintiff, or any other person, may become the purchaser of said property and be let into the immediate possession by the sheriff of Yamhill County, Oregon; and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem meet and proper in the premises, including costs and disbursements of said suit.

This summons is served upon you by publication in the Newberg Graphic for six consecutive and successive weeks by the order of the Hon. J. B. Dodson, County Judge of Yamhill County, Oregon, which order was made and entered on December 15th, 1915. The date of the first publication of this summons is December 16th, 1915, and the last publication January 20, 1916.

B. A. Kila,

Attorney for Plaintiff.

First issue, Dec. 16, 1915.
Last Jan. 20, 1916.

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